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Darkness Within



starwars

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Chapter 1 by Megan W.

Rey studied Luke Skywalker's face carefully. She had been training with him for months now, and yet he was still filled with surprises.

Some surprises, however, were better than others.

"Master, I cannot..." the young Padawan started. As soon as the words escaped her mouth, she knew she was about to fight a losing battle. "I can not be the one to try and redeem Kylo Ren." Her voice was both laced with disbelief and disapproval.

Luke looked at her, completely serious. "His name is Ben Solo."

Rey sighed; Luke was the uncle of this nefarious and evil man. Rey tried to shake the harsh memories of her first encounter with the leader of the Knights of Ren. She rubbed her wrist discreetly, where the restraints of the interrogation chair had once been.

Her master sensed her wariness. "You probably wonder why I am not taking on this task myself, yes?" Rey nodded. "My young friend, I cannot be the one to go after Ben. I've already failed at guiding him, and I cannot risk failing again. You see Rey, the Skywalker lineage- it is very fragile. Strong, yes, in many senses- but nevertheless, we can be swayed by emotions. Some of us embrace our emotions, like my father for a while, and Ben. Others, we don't let them get in our way, but we still use them."

"You could overcome your emotions. You saw the good in your father, and together you two

bested the Emperor. Master, I know the history of the Skywalkers." Rey responded, not fully seeing his point. Rey never completely understood the guilt for the turn of Kylo Ren. That had been Snoke.

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Luke sighed, his Jedi robes rustling in the wind. "I want him back, Rey. Not just for me, but for Leia as well. He's family. I've failed once, I cannot risk failing again."

Rey could feel every voice in her head telling her to refuse to try and bring back Kylo Ren. It was impossible, she thought.

On the other hand, she wanted her Jedi training to be furthered, and what better way to do it than to push her limits. She could sense Luke's sadness, which was a frowned upon emotion of the Jedi. She never knew suffering like Luke had known. Rey wanted to see him happy again, even though she never had seen him joyful before.

There is no emotion, there is peace.

There is no ignorance, there is knowledge.

There is no passion, there is serenity.

There is no chaos, there is harmony.

There is no death, there is the Force.

Rey recited these words in her head, and then said slowly, "I will do as you ask, Master."

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